

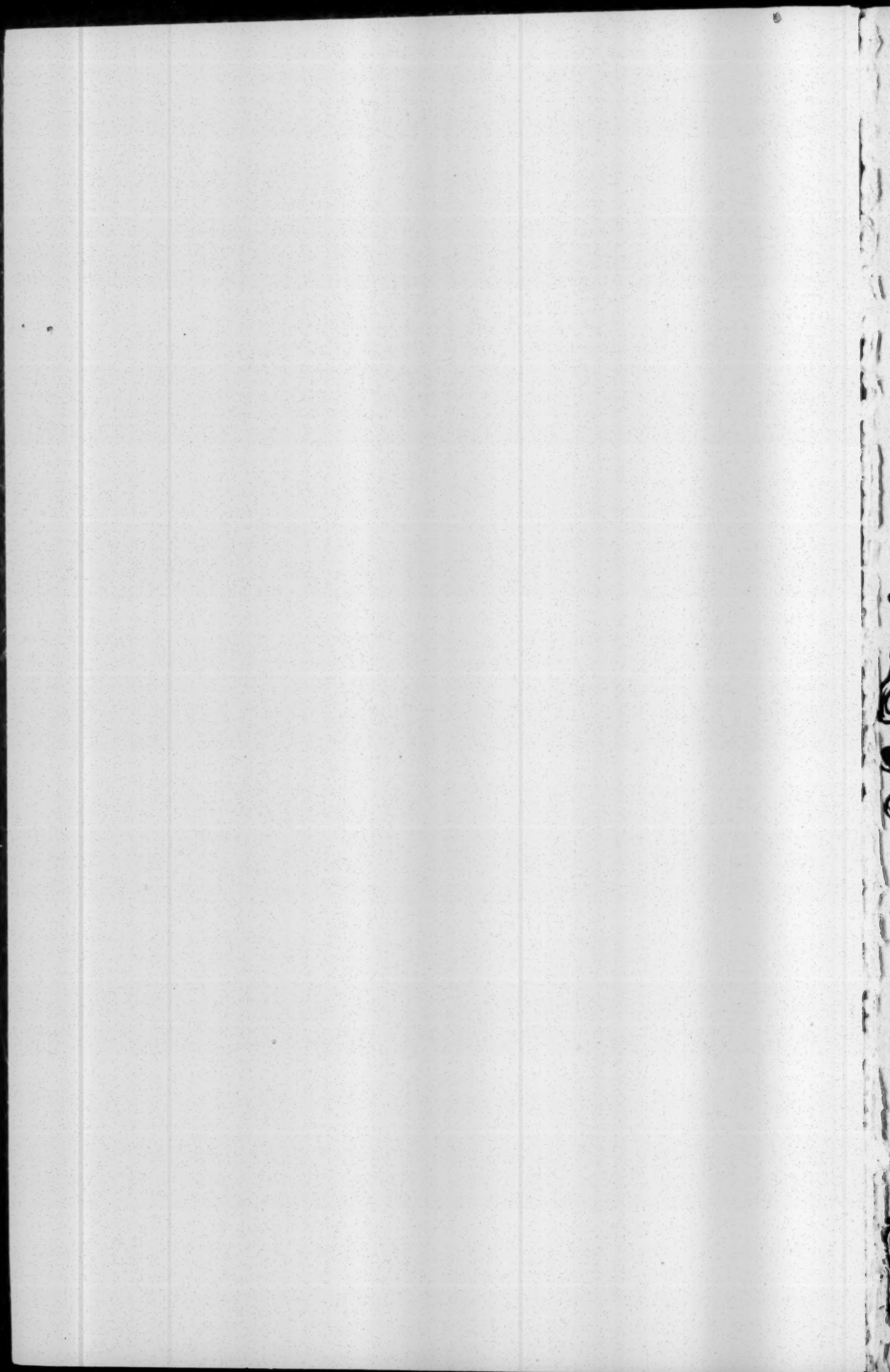
Temple Artisan

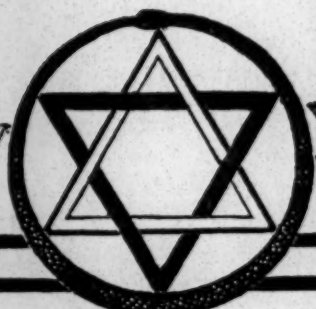
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THE TEMPLE OF THE PEOPLE

HALCYON, CALIFORNIA





The Temple Artisan

JANUARY, 1907

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THE TEMPLE.



PRIMARILY, The Temple is a cosmic organic center, the constituent parts of which are the units of collective humanity.

Coincident with the original impulse, the first emanation from the Central Spiritual Sun,—the Universal Heart,—came into manifestation, the Father-Mother-Son, the triangular corner stone of The Temple, upon which is rising, age by age, a geometrically perfect edifice. The cap stones to the pillars of the porch, and the outer walls are now being laid, preliminary to the work of the roof-builders—the humanity of the sixth great root-race.

The place of each stone is determined by the law of selection, and the same law determines the different Degrees and Orders which lead to and from the great Stone of Sacrifice which rests upon the pavement of the Central Square.

The development of outer conditions, planes and personalities must keep pace with and correspond to the development of the interior man, or evolutionary force would be diverted from its proper channels.

When the Craftsman or Apprentice to any Degree has finished his term of service, and has mastered all the details of the work, he is “recognized” by the Master Builder, and raised to a higher Degree, although he may never be conscious of the presence of that Master, until his apprenticeship is completed, and he in turn becomes a Master of a lower Degree.

The Organization of The Temple, the members of which belong by evolutionary right to a certain Degree of Cosmic Life, which Degree is subdivided into seven Orders, is the continuation and expansion of the work of the Masters revived in this country a quarter of a century ago by certain chelas or disciples.

To the efforts of the Masters is due the impulse which has caused the great advance in scientific, philosophical and social endeavor; for they are the guardians of Ancient Wisdom and Knowledge, in which lies the root of all progress; and the work of The Temple is to cultivate and embody the highest principles of all such endeavor in one stupendous living organic whole.

It is a common belief that the fires on the altars of the Ancient Temples have been permitted to die out: but “those who know” say this is not true; that they are but hidden from the view of the masses, awaiting the time when the veil of ignorance and corruption hanging before the hearts of the humanity of this transitory period, shall be rent asunder, and the light of the ages become manifest to all. The time is comparatively close at hand when the doors of “The Temple of the Mysteries” shall once more swing outward. The Site of that once wonderful structure has been rediscovered, and when the Lord, the Saviour, the Elder Brother of the human race once more reappears to claim his own, He will find a place prepared for him by those who, having heard this call, “Come over and help us,” have faithfully responded, and have taken up their share of the burden of responsibility. Are you of that number?

Address The Temple, Oceano, California.

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Behold, I give



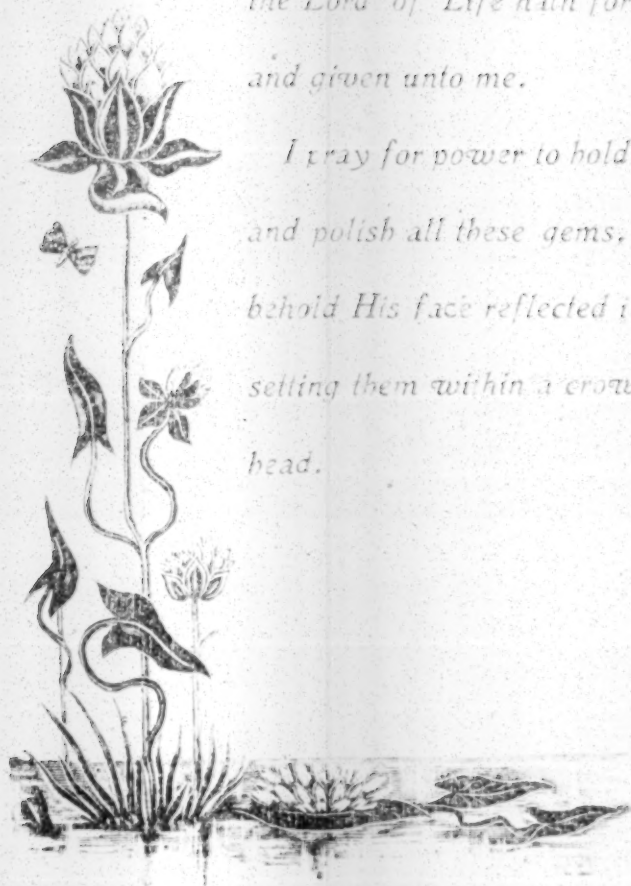
unto thee a key.



JEWELS OF LIGHT.

*Uncut, unpolished, are the Jewels hid within this casket, which
the Lord of Life hath formed from His own heart,
and given unto me.*

*I pray for power to hold me still while He doth cut
and polish all these gems, that so, one day, I may
behold His face reflected in their depths, while He is
setting them within a crown, to place upon mine own
head.*



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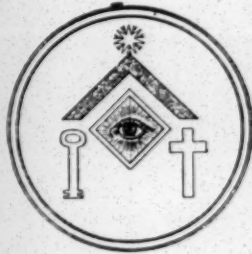
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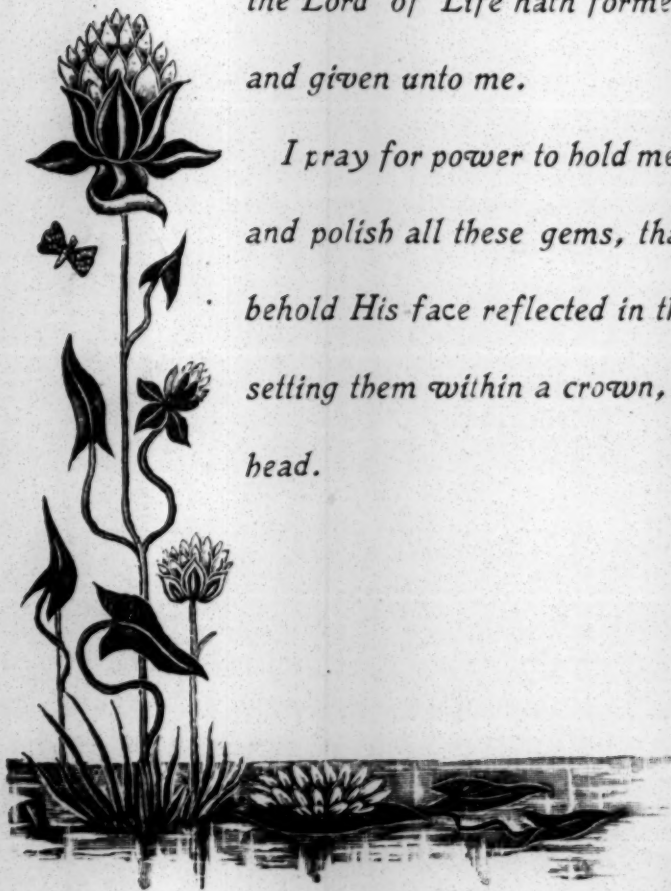
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head.*



THE MASTER.

MY COMRADES:—Do you ever think just what the title "Master" means as applied to an Initiate of the White Lodge? The majority of mankind have so long associated the words Master and slave that they have almost become inseparable, one always recalls the other. The commonly accepted idea of Master is only the slave of a higher Master, and even the slave is a Master of some lower order of life. But no such interpretation of the word was ever indorsed by a true Initiate. Such an one is a Master; but a Master of what or whom? Simply a Master of *himself*; of his own life forces, of all that his divinely evolved being is and represents. He is not *my* master or *your* master, and to apply the term to him in that sense is to discredit and insult him. The use of the term "My Master" by the slavish soul who has no desire for freedom, who is satisfied to remain a galvanized foot-rest for another human being, an object of contempt to his own Higher Self as well as to his teacher, is an indication of a small and mean nature. Such a one gives himself an imaginary pat on the back every time he uses the words. To him the qualifying word "my" tells the whole story. "My Master" is only a personal appendage, a little tin god set up to attract the attention of others to one of "my" possessions. THE Master is worthy of all reverence, all love and devotion, for He has fought with "wild beasts at Ephesus" and overcome them, and is not above telling us how He did it, and is even willing to stand by, and, if necessary, "hold our hats" while we do the same.

Let us all cut out the "my" and remember that the simple article "the" tells a large part of the story of Mastery. B. S.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

So long as fear of poverty, of death or suffering can influence you to withhold the whole or even a part of the price demanded by the law for your perfect development, you will never cross the threshold of the Great Initiation Chamber. So long as you retain any part or feature of the great renunciation *when offered by you* to the Lodge of Life, that part or feature will chain you to the Cosmic Wheel, a victim of your own selfishness and dishonesty. As Annanias and Saphira lost life and belongings through willful perversion of the law, so every Chela of the Lodge who has demanded the service, love and devotion of the

Masters in exchange for the service, obedience and love they offer, and who then undertake to withhold a part of the offering, must inevitably return to the diet of husks, the swine—selfish elements—are nourished upon.

So long as your demands remain unanswered, and your desire for the husks is unappeased, if you will be content to remain with the swineherd, the higher law will not reach you; but you cannot wallow in the filth of the pen and treasure the husks, and at the same time stand before the bright flash of the Sword of the Spirit without being cloven in two.

The choice is yours; but, having made the choice, you must bear the results. God will have no divided hearts. It is quite possible that Karmic Law will not accept a full relinquishment of all you hold dear, even when cheerfully offered, but so long as attachment to anything or creature prevents you from freely offering up that thing or creature upon the altar of devotion, the Holy Fire cannot descend and touch that offering, and thereby render it of use, and the lower fires which form such attachments must eventually consume the things to which you are attached, and leave you desolate and comfortless. Make no offer to the Law which you are not fully prepared to have accepted. Keep all you have and are if such be your desire, but in keeping it, remain on the outside of your own divinity.

AN OPENED BOOK.

It will depend entirely upon the intuition and experience of the readers of the following strange story, as to whether they can accept it in whole or in part. To those who are only able to accept it as a series of symbolic representations, the writer would say,—the four divisions are four cycles, the first of which is indicative of some of the world conditions which preceded the formation of the New Thought movement started by the Master through H. P. Blavatsky. The second and third divisions are representations of the formation of the different branches of that movement, and the Masters' efforts to nullify the effects of dissension and treachery in this and other countries by creating a Brotherhood of Man able to cope with conditions that would arise as a result of such dissension and treachery; and finally, the fourth division is a partial representation of the astral conditions which would obtain in the Golden Age—when man has learned to live in peace with his brother man—and has built of his love

for all mankind the Mystic Square of spiritual protection within which no discord or inharmony can enter.

To those who are able to accept it as the real experience of a real individual, it will unseal many mysteries.

"Hush, it is I."

The woman sitting at an open desk in an attitude of discouragement, with head resting wearily on clasped hands, started to her feet as the door behind her was suddenly flung back, and outlined against the black night, the tall figure of a man stood on the threshold. Outside, the rain was beating against the sides of the house and the sound of the heavy streams of water running off the over-filled eaves, together with the roar of the storm-driven ocean but a short distance away, was enough to overcharge the nerves of a more phlegmatic woman than this particular one, commonly known among her intimates as Meri. Somewhat of a recluse, and very sensitive to the action of the elements, she was at this moment under a great mental and psychic strain. There was nothing particularly noticeable about her appearance to the average person; middle aged, somewhat larger than the majority, straight, and fair of complexion, she would attract no attention unless the observer were a mystic, and able to see behind the veil of physical matter which surrounded the soul. But it was altogether different with the man then standing in the doorway. Above the average height, lithe and slight of frame, long, dark chestnut beard parted in the middle, bronzed skin and dark eyes of such piercing power they seemed to look *through* everything they fell upon instead of merely *at* it. Clothed in a long black soutane or robe, belted at the waist with a peculiar chain, the links of which seemed made of a curious bluish white metal, the luster of which was remarkable when as now the light of a hanging lamp fell upon them as the man moved to enter the room. His hair was long and black and was also parted in the middle and pushed back behind his ears. The momentary fright of the suddenly disturbed woman turned into joy as her ear caught the sound of the voice, the depth and sweetness of which would alone have inspired confidence had the speaker been a stranger; but it was soon apparent this man and woman were not strangers to each other, and just as apparent that there must be something more than a common relationship existing between them, for at the instant of recognition, Meri

had sprung forward and impulsively reached out both hands as though to clasp the hands of the man, one of which was still resting against the door he was then gently closing. Suddenly she stopped and stood waiting before him as though patiently seeking a word or touch of greeting, but none came. She had noted that notwithstanding the pouring rain, there was no sign of water on the person or clothes of the man, and while idly wondering at the same, stepped back, and drawing forward a chair, waited until the man had seated himself before speaking; then, in a low tone, said, "Master, can I serve you?"

In an equally low tone, as though undesirous of being overheard, the man said: "No, my child, but the Father hath need of thee; come with me."

Snatching a long cloak with a hood, which lay on a near-by couch, Meri hastily threw it over her shoulders and, pulling the hood over her head, followed the man who had risen, opened the door, and stepped out into the small porch upon which the door opened, and as the sound of the heavy rain fell more insistently upon her ear, she stopped as though somewhat undecided. As he started to go down the steps, the man also stopped, and turning to Meri said, "I had forgotten for the moment; be still until I speak." Again turning about and facing the storm, he bent his eyes outward and upward. His form grew rigid, and suddenly he raised his right hand and pointing to the west, from which direction the wind was blowing, he slowly raised his hand, inscribing a half-circle from west to east. The wind seemed to follow in the course of the circular movement of the man's hand; the waving, rain-laden trees near by straightened themselves, the violence of the storm decreased, and at the expiration of a few moments of time not a drop of rain was falling. His form then relaxed, the tension seemed broken, and in a few simply spoken words he bade Meri follow him, and stepped forth into the night. Down the highway that led to the ocean both walked rapidly until they came to a small clearing, from either side of which reached out mile upon mile of uneven, strangely grotesque and beautiful sand dunes. Some of these dunes were high, others almost level with the surrounding land, but all were covered with waves and ripples of sand, singularly attractive in the faint starlight that now shone upon them. Pedestrianism over such sand dunes is a difficult thing for a strong, sure-footed man, and familiar as they were to Meri, long a resident of that vicinity,

now following in the wake of the man, it would have been impossible for her to have traveled over them at such a pace at any other time, but now she experienced no difficulty at all; her step was as light as a feather, she felt no fatigue whatever as she walked rapidly on over one high dune after another, until, at the expiration of about an hour, in a hollow reached after descending a particularly high dune, she found herself facing a small pool of water surrounded by large willow trees which grew about in profusion, even partly up the sides of the dunes. Suddenly, as it seemed at her very feet, one end of a large flat rock, before unnoticed, began to rise until it stood upright, and a dim light, which came from a long distance underground, disclosed a flight of stairs which appeared to have been cut into hard, black earth and were reinforced at intervals with stones. Preceded by her Guide and without a word, Meri went down the stairs. When they reached the bottom, a sound as the falling into place of the heavy stone at the top of the stairs fell on her ears. Her eyes became more inured to the soft light and she perceived the beginning of a path with a semi-circular roof which stretched far away in the distance, but she had only followed her Guide a short distance when he stopped and drew aside a curtain formed of some mossy drapery and led the way into an open space, when, to her astonishment, she found herself in a cave-like structure, brightly illuminated by some hidden light which issued through crevices in the rock above, and in the presence of four men whose appearance, save for a difference in facial contour and height, seemed the counterpart of her Guide. These men were seated on either side of what seemed a square slab of smooth, glistening black stone, which rested on a tripod of polished steel. They were gazing intently at the stone, and seemed oblivious of all else. Near the entrance to the cave stood a wooden bench similar to those occupied by the men about the slab in the center, and seated upon it were a man and woman. There was an interchange of surprised glances between the latter and Meri as she entered, which plainly showed the astonishment each felt at the presence of the other, though it was evident they were not strangers to each other. When the late new comers had entered the cave, one of the men seated at the table was speaking in low, descriptive tones.

POLARIS.

(To be continued.)

The Temple Artisan

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EDITORIAL MIRROR.

"Where much light is the shadows are strongest."

"The forces of evil are powerless when thrown against a pure unselfish heart."—*From Temple Teachings.*

The Path is beset by wild beasts, every step of the way, said the Master at the beginning of the Temple work, and all who have entered the ranks have found it so. The Temple as a collective Entity has had the same fight as each individual member. It has carried the Light and has been the main target. On the outer rim of that circle of light the jackals and hyenas have howled, the reptiles have hissed, and the things of darkness have gathered with one common motive, to soil and despoil, to filch and vampirize, rend, ruin, and prostitute holy forces to their animal level. Truth and Beauty always arouse hatred and lust in evil natures—the hatred to ruin, the lust to pollute.

History proves that every Truth must battle for recognition and acceptance and must pass through three stages: the stages of persecution, recognition and final acceptance.

The Temple has run this gauntlet of human passion and malice, and is nearing the stage where recognition by the many is imminent. A great wave is lifting the Temple; inquiries are pouring in as never before; it is not uncommon to receive a batch of a number of applications in one day. And this very fact may for a time make the jackals and hyenas howl the louder and bite at the work with impotent rage. Members may wonder how to act when confronted by such forces. We are glad to be able to publish the following letter from a sister in the east. The letter explains itself. It was surely the wisdom and Light in this Sister that attracted the Thing of darkness—the shadow. Have we not been told that the two go side by side? The letter was for the Heads of the work and follows:

"The slimy tail of the serpent has just flaunted itself in my path, and although I was most generously bespattered with

the venomous ooze lashed up in its wallowing, God be praised I was not inoculated by the deadly virus. And so across the 3,000 miles I stretch forth my hand to you both loyally, hoping through the process of substitution to supplant the putrid vibrations of malignity and hatred by the more sustaining waves of fealty and love.

"I told this 'man with the muck rake,' after he had plunged his poisoned barb into my writhing soul for an hour—flinging mud at that which was most dear to me, both in principle and in its substantial demonstration—that I knew exactly what to expect from one marked by Karma with the accursed brand of the Scorpion—rising at his birth—the emblem of 'the hiss that crawleth and of the hiss that teacheth lust.' This slimy reptile, doomed by the law of Justice forever to drag its prurient belly through the cesspools of creation, attacked the Temple before perfect strangers, I being also an utter stranger to him. But I feel that Scorpion-like he 'biteth himself and dieth therefrom,' or in the words of Confucius, 'the sum of evil is to be its own destroyer.'

"As for its effect on me, I but hasten to set in motion the contrary vibrations of pity, love and confidence to the second band of brave argonauts entering my loved state to pluck the Golden Fleece, this time to be handed forth to a waiting humanity in the finer form of spiritual nuggets of light and life and truth.

"We are silent, unobtrusive workers in the winepress, but our influence is nevertheless powerful and far reaching in quarters *worth while*, and I feel that we can do much to offset the work of this viper. You may make what use you please of this letter. I wish to be on record as one not vulnerable to the dart of the poisoned shaft. And I write not in virulence, but in pity—pity for the depraved humanity, and pity for the base ingratitude meted out to those whose lives are a holocaust on the altar of the world's thankless work."



Warriors of Light! Listen to what the old Chief—W. Q. J.—once wrote anent these things:

"Let us all be silent as we may be, and work, work; for as the enemy rages, they waste time, while work shines forth after all is over, and we will see that as they fought, *we were building*. Let that be our watchword. . . I hope no weak souls will be shaken off their base. If they get on their *own* base they will *not* be shaken off."

W. H. D.

IDEALS OF GOD.

TEMPLE TEACHINGS, OPEN SERIES, NO. LVIII.

Whatever the status of man, slave or master, boor or exquisite, every normal human being has some ideal of God, though it be unrecognized, distorted, misunderstood or derided. We may not be conscious of that ideal until some admirable quality or characteristic in ourselves or others suddenly arouses our respect or admiration, in which case we begin to look for the appearance of the same or others of like nature, and eventually we combine all we have noted, and therewith create the ideal which stands to us as an epitome of Power, Beauty and Goodness; and that ideal is our first real consciousness of God. From regard and appreciation there is gradually awakened either fear of, or love for, that ideal God, according to our respect for the power and inability to meet the demands made upon our obedience, or to our longing for some expression of the love which we feel is self-existent in that ideal. Other peoples have made their own Gods, which for some reason do not exactly partake of the nature of our Gods, and if they conflict with our Ideals, we at once begin to make comparisons, always to the detriment of their Gods and the exaltation of our own. Some of the attributes of the Gods of the ancients would more fitly have clothed our ideal devils, and as Fear dominated their religious instincts that fact is not surprising.

If unable to convince our fellow men of the superiority of *our* Gods by fair means and gentle arguments, some among our more beligerent brethren seem to think they may be able to torture, cheat or shoot their ideas into the consciousness of their opponents.

Excessive egotism prevents many people from even trying to understand the ideals of others. They take it for granted that such ideal Gods must be poor objects, judging from the forms of worship offered them, and refuse to believe that the superstitions or halting speech of their worshipers can by any possibility build or represent a great Ideal of Supreme Power, Strength, Wisdom, that would be worth consideration, and utterly ignore the fact that the opportunities of said worshipers for gaining imaginative or descriptive power may have been fewer than our more cultivated races have secured, and if we were able to interpret aright their crude representations, we would find a similar ideal to the one we had formed ourselves. It is not always admiration for,

and delight in, the sight and performance of such awful slaughter and extreme cruelty as we deplore in the religions of some nations and tribes which constitutes the demands and qualifications of their Gods. Back of it all may be a great admiration for the super-human power, endurance, strength and ability they have credited to their Gods, and by means of which their enemies may be punished and their own safety assured. When some admiration and worship of the nobler attributes and qualities are changed into delight in and performance of willful cruelty, the devils have stolen the livery of God and are using it for the benefit of the dark side of life.

If we could accept the fact that every noble, true and good quality, attribute or object we are capable of perceiving, is in deed and in truth a part of God, it would assist us in forming a right concept of Divinity.

Some of our fellow men are incapable of forming and holding a mental ideal which gives them personally any satisfaction, without the use of a material object; and, beyond all doubt, in the beginning, idolatry was the result of the efforts of more enlightened men to convey ideas of great Cosmic forces, in such familiar forms as would fix the attention of the less enlightened. As man became more selfish, and the desire to dominate and rule over the less intelligent masses increased, what was originally a pure desire to teach somewhat of the action of the Cosmic forces, degenerated into desire to rule by Fear, and so the darker, the negative aspect of Nature was represented by horrible idols, and the spiritual devotion just awakening in the ignorant was purposely turned into idolatry; and worship of the created thing, instead of the Creator of all things, was established.

In past ages such material objects of worship were concrete forms which represented such god-like attributes as super-human power, ability, strength and courage, and man's great need of help and sustenance made it an easy task for the priests and rulers to play upon the fears, and thereby enrich themselves by the superstitions, engendered by them in the minds of the ignorant masses. The sale of such representations alone must have brought immense sums into the hands of the Church and State, and so, what was once an aid to prayer and concentration has been prostituted to the service of the dark side of life.

The main point now under consideration is, that notwithstanding this great degradation of spiritual ideals, the fact remains

that the Gods of these long-forgotten races and the Gods of modern times are in reality one and the same God, and its name is Love; for even in the grossest forms of idolatry it was love of or for some phase of what was recognized as Divinity, which originally attracted the embryonic souls of those masses.

Many intelligent and educated people of modern times find it necessary to resort to some material object in order to fix their wandering attention on interior things. The Romish church, as well as some others, has recognized and provided for this need, and notwithstanding the fact that gross advantage has been taken of this need by the priests in many instances, the images of saints, virgins, martyrs, Agnus Deis, etc., answer a wise purpose, for they not only serve as an aid to imagination, but also furnish a fixed point for concentration and prayer, and are all representations of some desirable attribute or quality, or some superhuman entity who serves as an example. Unfortunately, the real object of such material representation is only too frequently lost sight of, and the created thing is identified with the Creator.

The most hopeful and encouraging fact we can point to for the help and satisfaction of all the world is, that notwithstanding all the mistaken ideas, willful perversions of truth, deliberate misuse of knowledge, Love must ultimately identify itself with Love; and love for the beautiful, the true and the powerful is love of God—the very substance of God; and according to the strength and measure of our love will we become identified with God, whether the object of our love be our fellow men, an aspect of nature, or a material thing.

Jesus said, "If you love not your brother whom ye have seen, how can you love God whom ye have not seen?" If we cannot perceive and love the god-like attributes in our brother men, how can we comprehend and identify ourselves with an individualized part of that God-head, such as we believe our Higher Self—the Holy Spirit—to be?



CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Temple Builders—Lesson 36

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS.

(The poem below was written by George Harrison, age 8 years, member of The Morning Star Group, Oceano, Calif.)

LITTLE TEMPLE BUILDERS.

See the Temple Builders
Building temples strong,
Like the birds and bees and flowers
Trying never to do wrong.

Let us all be Builders,
Working all the day,
Merrily singing in our work
And happy in our play.

We are building temples
That are God's so dear,
They're made of love the ones we build
And not of harm and fear.

One of the members of Peace Centre, Palo Alto, writes:

Dear Mrs. Kent: I am going to the public school now.

The rats have 8 baby rats. Their eyes are not open yet.

We went to Temple Builders' Sunday School today.

Sig and I had a store yesterday, and sold prunes, and have 14 cents. Sig has 7 and I will send you my 7 for the Temple Builders' work.

With love to Florence, good-bye, Mrs. Kent. Your loving,
RUSSEL (Varian).

Sunshine Group of Everett, Wash., sent a Merry Christmas box to the Open Gate. The box contained a beautiful rhododendron plant, the Washington State flower, to be planted near the Builders' tent. There were articles made by the little folks themselves, besides some contributions by the older members. A pillow filled with rose petals, towels, stand covers outlined with the star, cushions, some fancy articles, etc., were among the list.

The box was opened at the close of the Builders' entertainment at the Halcyon on Christmas night.

Sunshine group has the sincere thanks of the workers here, and may feel sure that much good will come from their Christmas box. We send them Happy New Year greetings.

The Builders may be interested in knowing that their tent at the Open Gate is more than half paid for. Let us hasten to pay for it in full before next convention.

NATURE'S GENTLE TEACHERS.

Little bird on eager wing,
 Stopping now and then to sing,
 Can you in your chirping way,
 Teach us something new today?
 The little bird sings in his innocent glee
 That we should be cheerful and happy as he.

Busy bee, from flower to flower
 You are flying every hour;
 Can you in your humming way
 Teach us something new today?
 The bee does not trifle his moments away,
 And we should be eager in work or in play.

Gentle breeze along the grass,
 Very softly you do pass;
 Can you in your nestling way
 Teach us something good today?
 Just like the pure breezes that soothe as they go
 May we be quite ready to soothe others woe.

SPIRITUALISM VERSUS OCCULTISM.**III.**

Occultism postulates the truth as to the constitution of the matter of these planes and the laws which govern that matter; and the Masters are able to assimilate and teach these truths, because they are familiar with the phenomena of *all* planes instead of being confined to one.

A high Initiate can pick out at once, on any of the planes of life, any single individual who belongs to the Ray of which he is a conscious part, among millions, just as easily and as surely as we can pick out any member of our own family, and can do so by the magnetic attraction between himself and them.

All spiritualistic phenomena brought about by mediumistic control is the result of the interaction of forces between denizens of the Kama-loka plane and the operating medium. Investigators and votaries of the same seem to forget, if they ever knew, that the mere fact of dying will not change the character and attributes of a man or woman, and that it is just as easy for the human soul that partakes of the nature of a wolf to dress itself

in sheep's clothing when it has cast off its mere physical shell, as it was when still in material existence. As a rule such votaries know little about the elementals and elementaries whose natural habitat is Kama-loka. These are naturally mischievous, and their highest delight is in playing all sorts of pranks; and there exists yet another class which is naturally antagonistic to man, and which loses no opportunity to deceive and tempt all human beings who submit to their control. As they are able to manipulate many forms of lower elemental force, they assume the shapes and faces of those human beings who have passed through Kama-loka and up to a higher plane, and so deceive mediums and others. But the greatest of all dangers come from the disembodied souls of intensely wicked people, murderers, people who have been executed for crime, and those who have been suddenly cut off from life while still filled with a thirst for material existence. Such souls are always looking for an opportunity to gratify their passions for revenge or self-indulgence, and the medium unconsciously gives them just such opportunities by placing himself in a negative condition, and thereby giving up his will power, which is his natural defense against all such entities. Our will power surrounds us, as it were, with a sphere of spiritual force through which such creatures cannot break; but, once allow that sphere to be weakened by negative action, and we are helpless. It is this possibility which makes hypnotism such a dangerous thing. Our will power is an active as well as passive defense against all antagonistic forces whether in action on the interior or exterior planes of existence.

Our natural longing to see or hear from the friends who have left us, as well as our curiosity concerning their environment, renders us fit subjects for the operations of such forces and entities as I have referred to, and we forget about the gulf which Nature's God has placed between us and our dear ones for their protection and our own. When our friends have passed away, it should be our pleasure as well as our duty to help them onward and upward to the place of rest and satisfaction as fast as we can, (that plane within which we shall one day meet them), instead of simply satisfying our selfish desires in regard to them. We can do them no injury so great as to draw them back into the earth aura, as has been said before. In the few cases where it is possible to so draw them back by the action of our will and their own unsatisfied desires, it must inevitably bring dread Karmic action, as does the breaking of any evolutionary law.

Necromancy has always been prohibited by the Masters of the right hand path, while those of the left hand path have practiced it from time immemorial, and have done great harm by it, using the denizens of Kama-loka for the furtherance of their selfish ambition, but only daring to so use them because of their power over them, and that power inevitably fails them in some critical hour, and they are ultimately destroyed by the very creatures they have before controlled.

Much of what I have written on this subject will be denied by spiritualists, but it will only be so denied by those who are ignorant of the truths here revealed. We learn by experience hereafter as well as here, and if we have not had the experience that will fit us for a perfect understanding and manipulation of Nature's finer forces, we will deceive ourselves in relation to them just as our senses deceive us concerning many of the forces and phenomena of the physical plane. If we are determined to accept our own estimate of the reality and value of so-called spiritual manifestations in preference to the teachings of those who have had ages of personal experience in and of the interior planes, and who therefore *know* of what they treat, we must bear the consequences. Unfortunately we cannot bear them alone, for "no man liveth to himself alone."

POLARIS.

(Concluded.)

A LETTER.

DEAR COMRADES:

As a Socialist of many years' standing, Comrade Garver's letter in the October ARTISAN, gave me a thrill of pleasure. He is quite right when he says: "This great world-saving movement of Socialism." In my opinion Socialism is the GREATEST world-saving movement of our present civilization, because it is the initial movement, the beginning, from which we must work upward to the universal brotherhood of man—a brotherhood in reality and actuality, not the spurious brotherhood proclaimed by creeds or fraternal societies, where the term "brother" is mere lip service and often a sham. We must begin with the material needs of the masses; we must unlock the fetters that bind them to the life-crushing wheels of Profit and fan into flame the almost extinguished spark of spiritual intelligence before we can hope for anything like results. To attempt to teach spiritual truths under the existing capitalistic system is

like sowing good seed on stony ground. To the harassed toiler whose mind is fully occupied as to whether he will be able to keep his "job," as well as to the capitalist whose mind is intent on vast schemes of financial robbery, the attraction of the higher spiritual life is *nil*. We can only say: "Their time is not yet."

Our western civilization has now reached the climax of its centuries of wrong doing and greed. Man's selfishness has brought about the present state of separateness and disparity, and to the observant eye the near future must bring either Socialism or chaos. Which shall it be?

There are great souls at work among the masses, eloquent and fearless; some of them have been cast into prison by the mighty demon Profit, whose minions are relentless in their persecution of these dauntless men and women; some of them have lain under the shadow of the gallows for long, weary months. But yet, in spite of the opposition and persecution of the powerful god Mammon, they are winning all along the line!

Who and what are these men and women who preach the new doctrine on soap boxes at street corners, undismayed by jeers and ridicule, and devote much of their spare time distributing the gospel of emancipation amongst their unenlightened and frequently scoffing brethren? Surely they have the attributes of inspiration. They show the same dauntless courage that was conspicuous in the early Christian martyrs. Why do they cheerfully endure contumely and imprisonment, to say nothing of contributing from their scanty wages to propagate a cause that will bring them no wealth or profit? The simple reason is that they cannot help it. The Socialist's enthusiasm is a far higher attribute than the enthusiasm of the baseball rooter or the follower of the race course. Surely a movement that aims to lift little children out of slavery, to enlighten the ignorant, to uplift the whole of humanity, has a divine origin.

As Socialism spreads so will the truths of the Wisdom Religion. Such men as Debs, Sinclair, Vail, Wayland, Simons, London, Patterson and others equally intelligent and sincere, are surely "on the path." While all Socialists are not Theosophists, I have a feeling that all Theosophists should be Socialists, and I must confess that I have been rather disappointed that this great movement for the emancipation of the working class—our brothers and sisters—has received so little attention in the

ARTISAN.

Olalla, B. C.

Your brother,

R. W. NORTHEY.

Brother Northey has failed to catch the spirit of the Temple movement if he does not realize that it is a movement making for a true Brotherhood of Man without questioning *who* the man is. True brotherhood means the same thing as true socialism though both words are too often spelled backward by those professing to accept them as principles. And there's the rub. Sensible socialists know there must be a spiritual, mental and moral evolution prior to or coincident with the material for any true emancipation of the working, or any other class, to take place. And without that higher awakening there could be easily worse things than an *unemancipated* working class, for humanity is assuredly designed to be more than a commonwealth of stomachs and sensuous appetites. Studied with the bull's eye of intuition, every member ought to realize that the Temple force, work and teachings, are based on the essential Unity and interdependence of life, and if that is not true socialism and true brotherhood—what is it?

W. H. D.

TEMPLE HOME ASSOCIATION NOTES.

Do not forget the Sick and Insurance Vacation Plan as set forth in the November ARTISAN. Especially if you contemplate "saving up" to visit the Temple Centre some time—and that all good Templars look forward to that, goes without comment.

* * *

The rains are on and garden and farm work is going on apace. In the Halcyon garden, peas are planted and up. Radish, cabbage, carrots, lettuce, onions, beets and spinach have been set out up to this date. Also a new bed of strawberries.

Over 100 acres of farming land will be put under cultivation by the Association. Brothers Gildersleeve and Weiss are busy with four horses daily, plowing, harrowing, and seeding in the crops. Oats and beans will be the main crops on the farming lands.

* * *

The *Post-Standard*, Syracuse, N. Y., recently published a good comprehensive exposition of the Temple and Temple Home Association work, including fine notices of the Sanatoriums. The Syracuse Centre is very active these days and this write up is one of the results.

* * *

A set of blacksmithing tools, including forge, anvil, drill, etc., have been purchased and a blacksmith shop will be set up under the direction of Brother Gildersleeve (his old trade). All of the Association shoeing, repairing, smithing, etc., will be done at this shop.

THE OPEN GATE.

Regarding the case of Mrs. Froom, mentioned in the December issue of THE ARTISAN, those who are interesting themselves

in her behalf will be glad to know that she continues to improve. Since the December ARTISAN went out contributions for her care at the Open Gate have been received as follows:

Through the Rev. Mr. Sampson of Arroyo Grande.....\$20.00
From Palo Alto Square members..... 10.00

As said in the December number, each dollar sent for this case will benefit a worthy case under a great affliction. Contribution should be addressed to The Open Gate Sanatorium, Oceano, Calif.

TEMPLE ACTIVITIES AND NOTICES.

Our sister, Mrs. George L. Baker, of Stapleton, N. Y., recently arrived at Oceano, to spend the winter with her father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Beyer.

* * *

Our sister, Mrs. Louise Furlong, recently arrived here from Manila, P. I. She was impelled to come through her interest in and for the work, and will remain here as a co-worker.

* * *

Our brother, Mr. Gus Weiss, of Seattle, Wash., is now located at this Centre, rendering efficient service in conjunction with Brother Gildersleeve in the farm work.

* * *

A jolly housewarming party was held at the cottage of Mrs. Isabel A. Bright on Tuesday evening, the 18th, which filled all her rooms to overflowing. Music, good cheer, apples, doughnuts and coffee were the order of the evening.

* * *

Daya Square, of Everett, Wash., are holding regular weekly meetings in a public hall. Notices are inserted in the newspapers, and members are doing all that is possible to spread the Temple light.

* * *

The Temple Builders gave an entertainment on Christmas night at the Halcyon Hotel. The program consisted of tableaux, recitations and music. The Entrance hall was used as a stage, and fitted up effectively with electric lights and decorations of greens and flowers. The evening was enjoyed by all, and the Merry Christmas spirit abounded throughout the exercises.

* * *

Another edition of the First Book of Temple Teachings must be printed at once. Special contributions for this purpose are urgently solicited. Send to the Treasurer, Mrs. Jane W. Kent.

* * *

It is requested that in all cases of changes in address, *special notice* (separate) be promptly sent to the Temple Scribe, by letter, or postal card. If this direction is not carefully complied with, or if such changes are mentioned in any other method of correspondence, the desired result may not be secured.

TEMPLE SCRIBE.

Halcyon Hotel and Sanatorium

THE HALCYON SANATORIUM

Has been established for the scientific treatment of invalids, and for recuperation and rest in cases of overwork and nervous exhaustion. It is conducted as a distinctively

HEALTH INSTITUTION

and not as a **fashionable** resort. Regularity of life and freedom from noise and social excitement prevail, thus securing long periods of rest, while at the same time rational recreation is amply provided for. Although the comfort and welfare of the sick are first considerations, every opportunity is provided for those who desire to spend a pleasant and **profitable vacation amid healthful and beautiful surroundings.**

The Sanatorium buildings and grounds are situated near the town of Oceano, in the southwestern part of the famous Arroyo Grande Valley, which, encircled by hills from 400 to 800 feet high, has been aptly designated as "**the rosy dimple on the cheek of creation.**" San Luis Bay is one mile distant, affording, with its twenty miles of circular ocean beach, one of the most delightful drives in the world, with inspiring views of **sea and mountains** blending into one.

The Halcyon Sanatorium is not a water cure, nor a rest cure, nor a diet cure, air cure, nor movement cure, for the reason that not one of these expresses the leading idea, which is

HEALTH BY RIGHT LIVING.

Obedience to the laws of life and health is enjoined as the requisites to recovery. This is an **educative** as well as **curative** process, and it comprehends the work to which **The Sanatorium** is pledged:

"Founded on Truth. For suffering ones and weary,

A home, secure from worldly care and strife,

Nature, the healing mistress, tends its portal,

Beckoning with gentle hand to paths of life."

All forms of **chronic diseases** will be received. Neuresthenic conditions and **nervous** diseases of all kinds, including **abnormal conditions** and habits resulting from excessive alcoholic or drug addictions, will be treated by the most improved methods and scientific principles known to **medical art.** Remedies and methods are available that will cure nearly every form of **chronic asthma.** The natural **hot sulphur** and **alkaline springs**, in the vicinity are of the greatest value in aiding to cure **rheumatic** as well as many forms of **liver** and **kidney affections.**

The Treatment. All the remedial agents that medical science and experience have proved valuable—the resources of **nature**, as sunlight, pure air and water baths, the use of **oils**, electricity, the natural **radio-active forces** that **nature** has **conserved in the vicinity**, and equally if not more important, the **mental** and **moral forces**—are drawn upon and applied, under the direction of skilled physicians, for the **restoration** and preservation of **Health.** In many cases patients living at a distance can be successfully treated through correspondence. A blank form for diagnostic purposes will be sent on application.

For additional information, terms and rates, address

THE HALCYON HOTEL AND SANATORIUM,
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Dr. Russell Reynolds, in the introduction to his "System of Medicine" writes, "The practical test of a true science is the power which it confers of prevision, or of knowing now what will follow hereafter."

Astrology is the oldest of the sciences and is based on the motions, influences, aspects, qualities and positions of the heavenly bodies, and rests on the theory, that at the birth of a child its character and destiny are clearly foreshadowed and permanently fixed in the Zodiac.

Astrology points out the fortunate and unfortunate periods for business, marriage, health, journeys, speculation, etc.

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CATHARINE H. THOMPSON,

Editor "The Sphinx" Magazine,

Chillicothe, Missouri

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* * * and all Lung Troubles * * *

The Open Gate is an **out-door** Sanatorium conducted on the **Tent Plan**. It is now a well-established fact that Consumption is a **Preventable** and **Curable** disease. Cures are effected by a **mode of life** in which **fresh air, sunshine** and **proper diet** are primary factors, in addition to the use of other natural forces in which the **germs of the disease** are **overcome**. The **inhalations of ozone** and **healing ethereal oils charged by high frequency electrical currents** are factors in this process. The diseased lung tissue is directly contacted by this method, and the beneficial effects and **cure** obtained by a process of **chemicalization** which restores the **normal vital resisting** power in the parts affected.

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Oceano, California

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